



THE CAPTURE AND DOWNFALL OF THE REDS LONG LIVE THE POPE

Ye true Roman heroes who-e-e-e-e-e every where
Here now pay attention and listen to me
The Reds are defeated the Priest shooting dogs
No more on Church plunder the robbers they'll pay

CHORUS—

Long life & success to gallant Mc Mahen
He's a hero indeed as you may understand
The Priest shooting dogs he'll silence them all
May he never run short of powder or ball

These Demons incarnate they are sadly confused,
And the bread of Angels no more they'll abuse
Nor smash up Gods After war the Communix
Forty thousand of them now are neck'd in a fix

Grand civilization to banish away
They sought every effort by night & by day
And shot without mercy on the ground where they
stood
The Dominican Fathers & that in cold blood

Napoleon the judis he could have stop'd this
But like Pilate of old he wash'd id the dish
The wretch he sat silent its sad fate to tell
While in Rome Victor Emmanuel sent in shot & shed

The Reds now they'll suffer believe what I say
Well known to the world they had too long a way
After all their grate boasting they're now in the lurch
The they swore for to level the Catholick Church

Sacred Images the Reds melted down
As if no God existed over country or to sea
Old Roney before done the same it is true
For which he died on Saint Helena too

The Bishop of Paris the murder'd him there
But vengeance upon them I fear will appear
The love of Gods bosom he's anointed all ore
They rob'd & imprison'd & left them in their gore

They wanted to live as they pleas'd well you know
Without any Ruler above or below
There will soon be an end to their career
Sardina-by and by might fall in 40g his share

The prayer of the humble round justice entwines
As it had shone for Moses in Heavens due time
The forerunner of Peter can never be fool'd
No power's all his depts without silver or gold
